

H Y M N S

For the Nation, in 1782.

H Y M N I.

After the Defeat at the Chesapeake.

- 1 THE Lord, th' almighty Lord of hosts
 His own dread purpose hath fulfill'd ;
 Rebuk'd a sinful Nation's boasts,
 That all may see his arm reveal'd ;
 And Britain humbled in the dust,
 Confess his sharpest judgments just.
- 2 Righteous, O Lord, thy judgments are !
 We bow to thy severe decree,
 Who, casting out our formal prayer,
 Hast giv'n our Foes the victory :
 As pleas'd Rebellion's Cause to bless,
 And crown the Wicked with success.
- 3 The Wicked are thy sword and rod.
 Our crimes commission'd to chastise ;
 Who long have fought against our God,
 Provok'd the vengeance of the skies :
 Thy threat'nings mock'd, thy favors spurn'd,
 Thy blessings into curses turn'd.
- 4 Therefore the dire decree takes place,
 Abandon'd as to Satan's power,
 A desperate, death-devoted race :
 We see the flaughring sword devour :

Our

Our Legions pass beneath the yoke,
Our Nation is of God forlook.

- 5 Yet if thou hast not fixt our doom,
And sworn, in wrath, no more to spare,
If still there is for mercy room,
For hope, and penitence, and prayer,
Us in our blood once more reprieve,
And bid thy sentenc'd Rebels live.
- 6 Howe'er the righteous thou conceal,
Or under, or above the skies,
The wicked must thy justice feel ;
And never shall Britannia rise,
Unless we to our Smiter turn,
And leave the sins for which we mourn.

H Y M N II.

For the Loyal AMERICANS.

- 1 FATHER of everlasting love,
The only refuge of despair,
Thy bowels toward th' afflicted move ;
And now thou hear'st the mournful prayer
We, for our helpless Brethren breathe,
Who pant within the jaws of death.
- 2 The men who dared their King revere,
And faithful to their Oaths abide,
Midst perjur'd Hypocrites sincere,
Harras'd, oppress'd on every fide ;
Gaul'd by the Tyrant's iron yoke,
By Britain's faithless sons forlook.
- 3 Our patriot Chiefs betray'd their trust,
To serve their own infernal ends,
The Slaves of avarice and lust,
Sparing their foes, they spoil'd their friends ;
Basely repaid their loyal zeal,
And left them—to the Murtherer's will.

- 4 As sheep appointed to be slain,
 The victims of fidelity
 To man they look for help in vain;
 But shall they look in vain to Thee,
 God over all, who canst subdue
 The hearts which mercy never knew.
- 5 Ev'n now thou canst disarm their rage,
 (If so thy gracious will intends)
 The wrath implacable asswage
 The malice of remorseless fiends :
 Mercy at last compell'd to shew,
 And let the hopeless captives go.
- 6 Yet if our Brethren's doom be seal'd ;
 And for superior joys design'd,
 They have their glorious course fulfill'd ;
 To souls beneath the altar join'd,
 Their guiltless blood hath found a tongue,
 And every drop exclaims—" How long ? "
- 7 O earth, conceal not thou their blood
 Which loud as Zachariah's cries !
 O God, thou just, avenging God,
 Behold them with thy flaming eyes,
 And blast, and utterly consume
 Those Murtherers of fanatic Rome.
- 8 Till then, thou bidst thy servants rest,
 Who suffered death for conscience sake,
 And wait to rise compleatly blest,
 The general triumph to partake,
 To see the righteous Judge come down,
 And boldly claim the Martyr's crown.

H Y M N III.

By whom shall Jacob arise ! For he is small.
 Amos viii. 2.

1 **B**Y whom, O God, shall Britain rise,
 So small in all the nations' eyes,
 So lessen'd in her own ?

Out of the deep, we cry to thee,
 And with profound humility
 Besiege thy gracious throne.

- 2 By whom, O God, shall Britain rise?
 Not by th' ignoble slaves of vice
 Who have their country sold,
 Betray'd us in their prosp'rous hour,
 To raise a restless Faction's power,
 And glut their lust of gold.
- 3 Not by the basest tools of war,
 Who all thy plagues and judgments dare,
 In oaths and blasphemies,
 Ravage their friends with sword and fire,
 Thro' covetous or foul desire,
 And hate the thoughts of peace.
- 4 By whom—but we enquire in vain,
 Till thou thy own design explain,
 For only Lord to thee
 Thy works, before the world begun,
 Thy chosen instrument were known
 From all eternity.
- 5 Thy searching eye beholds him now:
 While suppliant at thy feet we bow
 To us the man be show'd,
 Th' intrepid man of virtuous zeal,
 Resolv'd and incorruptible,
 Who seeks our nation's good:
- 6 Our nations good, and not his own;
 While list'n'ing to the plaintive moan,
 Of loyalty opprest,
 He serves his King's and God's designs,
 America and Britain joins,
 And blends them in his breast.
- 7 O that he in the gap may stand,
 Rais'd up to save a sinking land,
 Our blessings to restore,

Concord,

Concord, and peace, and loyal fear,
And truth, and piety sincere,
Till time shall be no more.

- 8** Then shall we, Lord, surround thy throne,
Thro' Christ inseparably one,
United in thy praise,
And sing, with all those hosts above,
The triumphs of all-conquering love
In everlasting lays.

H Y M N IV.

- 1** **G**REAT God, we know not what to do,
But fix our wishful eyes on thee,
Who or by many or by few
Sav'st in the last extremity!
Whose arm, when all resources fail,
Its own immortal strength puts on,
When the infernal hosts prevail,
And Satan shouts—"The work is done."
- 2** Whom hostile multitudes surround,
And nations ready to devour,
No help for us in man is found,
No refuge in our darkest hour,
Unless thy greatness interpose,
To blast th' infallible design,
Confound our proud, triumphant foes,
And claim this ransom'd land for thine.
- 3** Oft hath thine arm, in ancient days,
Stretch'd out in our defence appear'd,
And ransom'd a devoted race,
And snatch'd us from the death we fear'd:
Armies and fleets invincible
Were baffled in their surest aim,
Treasons and plots thou didst dispel
Deep as the pit from which they came.
- 4** Thy Providence revers'd our doom,
When paricides the land o'erflow'd,
(Rebellious sects in league with Rome)
And turn'd it to a field of blood.

For years we groan'd beneath their sway,
 But mercy by a powerful word,
 Crush'd all our tyrants in a day,
 Our blessings all at once *restor'd.*

- 5 Have we not lately heard and seen
 More wonderful escapes than these,
 From furious, persecuting men,
 From hosts of human savages?
 Appall'd, we heard Apollyon roar,
 Aghast we saw the flames aspire,
 Till rescued by almighty power,
 And pluck'd as brands out of the fire.
- 9 Why then, great God, should we despair,
 As thou were not Almighty still,
 But deaf to thy own people's prayer
 Who tremble at th' impending ill;
 Who will not let the Scourge o'erflow,
 The desolating Judgment come,
 But still suspend the final blow,
 And screen the land from Sodom's doom.
- 7 Wrestling with Abraham's faithful seed
 Lo! in the gap we humbly stand,
 The righteous for the wicked plead
 Protectors of a guilty land,
 Thou infinite in gracious power,
 With theirs our suppliant suit receive,
 Stay the rough wind, the fiery shower,
 And for the remnant's sake forgive.
- 8 If now in us thy Spirit cry,
 In ours thy own request attend,
 The Lord of hosts, the Lord most high
 Deliverance to thine Israel send;
 Because thou art the faithful God,
 Our God in every age the same,
 Because we trust in Jesu's blood,
 And ask the grace in Jesus name.

H Y M N V.

For his Majesty King GEORGE.

- 1 JESUS, from dominion springs,
The faithful Counsellor of kings,
The sovereign Lord thou art;
Thy Spirit on our King bestow,
Who only dost the mazes know
Of man's deceitful heart.
- 2 By factious Demagogues gainsaid,
By fawning Sycophants betrayed
Who boast their loyalty,
How can he judge, or chuse aright,
Unless assisted by thy light,
And taught himself by thee?
- 3 Do thou the true discernment give,
Whom to reject, and whom receive
His royal toils to share;
O point him out where'er concealed
The upright man, with wisdom fill'd,
An Empire's weight to bear.
- 4 The man with heavenly courage bold,
Above the lust of fame, or gold,
Detach'd and unconfin'd,
A foe to every selfish end,
Religion's, and his Country's friend,
A friend to all mankind.
- 5 Not for himself but others made,
His Country and his King to aid
With talents large endow'd;
Out of the throng thy servant chuse,
A vessel fitted for thy use,
And for Britannia's good.
- 6 Him as a guardian Angel send,
Our feuds, and woes, and wars to end,
Our sinking State to raise;
Brethren in lasting bonds to join,
And then confess—The work is thine,
And give thee all the praise.

7 So shall our happy Monarch see
 His kingdoms in prosperity,
 Thro' thy uniting power,
 The source of all our blessings own,
 And prostrate at thy gracious throne,
 The King of kings adore.

H Y M N VI.

- 1 **A**T this most alarming crisis,
 Shall we not from sin awake,
 While the great Jehovah rises,
 Terribly the earth to shake?
 While he doth a moment spare,
 Shall we not attend the Rod,
 Hear his thunder's voice, " Prepare,
 O prepare, to meet your God!"
- 2 Compas'd round with hostile Nations,
 All to our destruction sworn,
 God of unexhausted patience,
 Still we may to thee return:
 Though thy peremptory sentence
 Absolute perdition found,
 Place there is for true repentance,
 Mercy sought may yet be found.
- 3 Still thou hearst the mourners sighing
 For our wickedness abhor'd,
 Thousands in our Israel crying
 Stop, O stop the slaughtering sword,
 Drop thy dreadful controversy,
 While we at thy footstool groan;
 Lord, in wrath remember mercy,
 Give us to thy pleading Son.
- 4 By his bloody cross and passion,
 By his precious death, we pray,
 Turn aside thine indignation,
 Take thy heaviest plague away,

Sin,

Sin, the cause of our distresses,
 Sin the bitter root remove,
 Then appeas'd, thine anger ceases,
 Then redeem'd, we praise and love.

H Y M N VII.

For CONCORD.

- 2 DIVIDED 'gainst itself so long
 How could a kingdom stand,
 Had we not a Redeemer, strong
 To prop our tottering land ?
 Had he not left himself a seed
 Who deprecate the woe,
 Who day and night for mercy plead,
 And still suspend the blow.
- 2 Still let thy praying seed prevail
 Our evils to remove,
 Till mercy turns the hovering scale,
 And justice yields to love ;
 His King till every Briton owns
 With warmest loyalty,
 And Faction's and Rebellion's sons
 Stretch out their hands to thee.
- 3 Now, Lord, a gracious token show,
 The stoutest hearts incline
 Their own true happiness to know,
 Their common foes' design ;
 Against ourselves who turn our swords,
 That they the spoils may gain,
 And rise at last despotic lords,
 And by our ruin reign.
- 4 Why should the specious fiend deceive
 The many by the few ?

Saviour,

Saviour, the multitude forgive ;
 They know not what they do ;
 They fancy Those their Country's friends,
 Who hasten on its doom,
 And blindly serve the treacherous ends
 Of Tyranny and Rome.

- 5 Open their eyes Almighty grace,
 The latent snare to see,
 That brethren may again embrace
 In closest amity ;
 Britons no more with Britons fight,
 No more our God oppose,
 Let Europe then their powers unite,
 And all the world be foes.

H Y M N VIII.

A Prayer for the CONGRESS.

- 1 **T**RUE is the Oracle divine,
 The sentence which thy lips hath past,
 Tho' hand in hand the wicked join,
 They shall not, Lord, escape at last ;
 Who for a while triumphant seem,
 Curst with their own false heart's desire,
 Their Empire is a fleeting dream,
 Their hopes shall all in smoke expire.
- 2 Surely thou wilt full vengeance take
 On rebels 'gainst their King and God,
 And strictest inquisition make
 For rivers spilt of guiltless blood,
 By men who take thy name in vain,
 By fiends in sanctity's disguise,
 As thou wert sav'd with nations slain,
 Or pleas'd with human sacrifice.

3 Thou

- 3 Thou know'st thine own appointed time
 Th' ungodly homicides to quell,
 Chastise their complicated crime,
 And break their covenant with hell :
 Thy plagues shall then o'erwhelm them all,
 From proud ambition's summit driven ;
 And faith foresees th' usurpers fall
 As Lucifer cast down from heaven.
- 4 Yet if they have not finn'd the sin
 Which never can obtain thy grace,
 When Tophet yawns to take them in,
 And claims them as their proper place,
 The authors of our woes forgive,
 And snatch their souls from endless woes,
 Who wouldst that all mankind should live,
 Who diedst thyself to save thy foes.

H Y M N IX.

Thy kingdom come!

- 1 JESUS, supreme in majesty,
 Thy kingdom and thy glory claim,
 For every soul, and every knee
 Must bow to thy tremendous Name,
 JEHOVAH on Jehovah's throne,
 Fulness of power to thee is given;
 Thou settest up, and castest down,
 And orderest all in earth and heaven.
- 2 We trace thy footsteps in the deep,
 Who dost in previous judgments come,
 And with destruction's besom sweep
 The earth to make thy kingdom room:
 The havock which on earth we see,
 The dire effects of human will
 Accomplish thy unknown decree,
 Thy own mysterious mind fulfil.

3 Thou

- 3 Thou sufferest now the evil done,
 Where the rebellious multitude
 In the new world rush madly on,
 O'er hills of slain, through seas of blood;
 Their rage for power, their fury blind
 Hastens the coming of our Lord,
 The Good supreme for man design'd
 With Paradise on earth restored.
- 4 Whate'er the plagues that intervene,
 The judgments and vindictive days,
 Saviour, we know the final scene
 The earth renew'd in righteousness,
 Descending on thine azure throne
 Thee in the clouds we soon shall see,
 To reign before thy saints alone,
 And then through all eternity.

I N I S.



